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Hints for Young Opera Composers.

[We translate the following pithy sentences from the *Signale* (Leipzig), where they appear under the head: "*Gebote der Opernpolitik*." Surely the sound precepts (*Gebote*) here laid down belong to a very difficult school of opera *Politik* from that of Wagner, or of Meyerbeer.]

How extraordinarily rich in dramatic composers our times are here in Germany! Literally no week passes without performances of new operas in one place or another. The composers thereof have all achieved their great successes, and they are called out after every act,—so say the journals. But when the year comes round, these works are already buried in the places of their birth, and other theatres have not performed them. A dreadful epidemic reigns among the German operas; they all collapse and die off. Is it possible, then, that only the composers take no notice of this melancholy fact, which all the world sees and feels? Everything in the world has its *Politik*, that is, its rules and methods whereby the goal one strives for may be the most surely reached. Here follow a few of the most essential.

Compose no texts but good ones. The time is past when an absurd, stupid story can be pardoned for the sake of the good music. The finest music is made in vain, if the text (nowadays) be tedious, or offend good sense and feeling. Learn then, before all things, to judge the text well, to consider whether it will please or displease.

But what is a good opera text? One which from beginning to end steadily increases in interest. "*Dès qu'on interesse, on est sûr du succès*," says Voltaire.

But in what does dramatic interest consist? The last aphorism suggests the answer. The skillful dramatic poet shows himself above all in the choice of an effective fable and in the plan. Single piquant scenes do not suffice, still less fine words and verses. If you would know how a great poetic talent can utterly fail through bad choice of a story, or infelicity of plan, read Börne's criticisms on dramatic pieces, particularly those of Houwald.

Seek in the beginning no texts with pompous spectacle for the eyes. You cannot reasonably expect a manager to risk his thousands on your work of a beginner for mere decorative outfit. Mozart's *Figaro*, Cherubini's *Wasserträger*, Mehul's *Joseph and his Brethren*, Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, Auber's *Mason and Locksmith*, have all been living for a long time on the stage, without any particular attractions for the eye.

"Mythos," Magic Opera! Just to bejuggle the eye with a great lot of marvellous, that is to say, for the most part, silly stuff! The Italian operas bring before us no supernatural histories,

no supernatural subjects; they take them all from real life. They have no magic operas at all; and yet they rule the stage in all musical lands. Open your eyes and understanding, and learn to comprehend that the thing can go without spectacles.

When does music sound the most effective? When you shut your eyes, or hear the composition from a moderate distance, for instance from the corridor of a concert hall.—What is the use then of all this spectacular display in operas, these break-neck flying machines, processions of whole zoölogical gardens, lovely and hideous phantoms, heaven-striving legs in tricot, skating scenes, volcanoes, powder explosions, and whatever else can set the eyes wide open and close up the ear? Is not the sensible enjoyment of music more and more scared away by such means? All this rubbish has once had its day in Italy, and yet the simple operas of Paesello, Cimarosa and their followers to this day have their friends and yield true enjoyment. Whatever there is of real musical effect in the new spectacle operas, is always to be found in the simple, natural situations and passages of real feeling. The musical accompaniments to eruptions of Vesuvius, blown up houses, &c., are no loss. And such delight of hearing, as you feel in a performance of *Fidelio*, which has only two quite ordinary scenes, is past the power of all the Meyerbeers, &c., to afford you.

The more that exciting objects strike and occupy the eye, the more does the ear's power of attention to the phenomena of tone fall into the background. You cannot serve two masters. Though Liszt himself play,—if a troop of half-naked girls dance round his piano at the same time, many will not hear him at all, and the others only half. This rests upon the fact, that our consciousness can only take in one point at a time, while at the best the other things can only be seen or felt as in a mist or in a dream. Accordingly that opera music is the most clearly apprehended, which demands the least coöperation of the eye, and that the most dimly, where the motley objects of the outward world continually claim its attention.

Mark what Goethe says! "While the grand French Opera through half of the last century, with an immense amount of apparatus, was scarcely able to content its audiences, the Italians had made the fortunate discovery, that a few persons, with almost no sort of surrounding, by melodious song, by easy, clear, appropriate delivery, could produce a far livelier effect."

What was possible then, is so to-day. The public preserves the same peculiarities.

In every profession the artist must begin with the easier and more simple tasks, and educate himself gradually through much experience to the higher ones. And can this natural course be

unnecessary only in the opera, the most difficult of all musical creations? Is one qualified and justified for such work, when one has produced some tolerable songs and jingling saloon pieces?

Begin first with smaller, one-act operas. They are the easiest to get performed, and in them you can acquire experience for future greater works. Without dramatic experience even genius does not at once achieve anything important. All the French composers have begun so and do begin so to this day. Therefore no nation has so many successful opera composers to point to, as the French. Read in Otto Jahn's Biography of Mozart, how many operas this master from his youth up had to write in order to be able to create *Don Juan*.

If you have a dramatic situation to describe, do not think of its theatrical presentation on the stage, but represent it to yourself as it must be in reality. Be the character yourself. That is the way Mozart did it. Hence he is constantly more true and natural than his poets.

Do not try to express every scene, every period, every word with equal significance. We earth-dwellers cannot bear absolute perfection. Eternal sunshine becomes as burdensome as eternal rain.

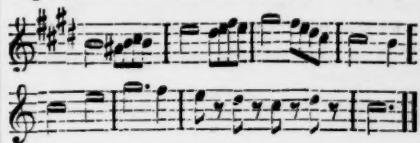
We need contrast, light and shade in works of Art, as in all things. Look into any good opera score you please; you will find passages of more and passages of less importance. The masters have not made the latter in their dull hours, but on purpose; the lesser parts relieve the more significant and give them new significance. Passages, whole pieces, kept in the background, is what this maxing of effect amounts to.

Contrasts there should be, but no rude ones, without motive; these we call catching at effect. If you have depicted an impassioned situation with the whole stormy roar of the orchestra, and you now accompany the melody of a gentle scene immediately following only with a single instrument, that is a too abrupt, and therefore motiveless, false contrast, a mere straining at effect.

Do not listen to the system makers. But listen to the counsel of great masters. Try to do what Goethe requires of an artist:

"Give a work,
Such as laymen gladly feel,
Such as masters hear with joy."

Strange, that what we demand before all of every musical work is novelty, and yet we listen to a Beethoven Symphony, to a *Don Juan* again and again with undiminished rapture; works so old and so well known to everybody, that not a single note in them can still be new.



What is there original in these passages? These are the commonest and most hacknied figures! And yet the most beautiful, the most extraordinary effect! Reflect on it, why is it?

New figures! The single figures in a piece of music are what the single words are in a speech, a poem. No single word is in itself new, original; every one has been used a hundred thousand times.

Seek soon to know the kind and the degree of your own talent. All cannot do all things. If you can do nothing in the lofty, tragic style, try the lively, comic vein. "*Tout genre est bon, excepté l'ennuyeux*," says Voltaire. And Goethe: "No kind is to be despised; every kind is edifying the moment a great talent has reached the highest point in it."

Respect the singer! The finest instrument is the singing voice, the most infallible means of effect is beautiful singing. Learn therefore to write what shall be grateful to the singer. Are you for example a virtuoso of the violin, will you not write your Concerto in such a way as to put all possible facility and art of expression into your own solo part? Will you as a concert player step before the public with the execution of a second *ripieno* part in a Symphony? That is what is expected of the singer in many an opera.

Let the singers all have grateful parts to sing, and then your opera will be most sure to come upon the stage, and will sustain itself there the longest. The strongest proof is the Italian operas.

(Conclusion next time.)

Annual Congress of Musicians "of the Future."—Tonkuenstler-Versammlung in Altenburg, July 19-23.*

(Concluded from page 314).

FOURTH DAY.

The fifth and last of the grand concerts took place on Wednesday, the 22nd, at 5 o'clock, in the Bruderkirche. It was mainly devoted to the more prominent works for male chorus with orchestra, performed by the Leipzig University singing society (the *Pauliner*) under the University musical director, Dr. Langer.

The concert opened with Liszt's festival ode "To the Artists," a creation confessedly the peer, in grandeur and power of expression, of the poem, which is by Schiller. At the same time, as an artistic confession of faith, pointing significantly to a high goal, it is admirably fitted for a greeting, or, as in this case, for a Farewell to the numerous gathering of artists from far and near, members of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein*. . . .

The Violin *Chaconne* by Vitali, which followed, was feebly adapted to show the performance of Concertmeister Jacobsohn of Bremen in its full splendor. He has often won honorable mention by his interpretations of classical works. . . .

Herr Wallenreiter took a deep hold on the audience by the power of expression with which he sang an Aria from Schubert's Easter Cantata "*Lazarus*." The somewhat extended orchestral introduction, as well as the recitative that precedes the air, give a palpable suggestion of the mouldering scent of the surrounding graves and of the death pangs of the living buried man, while in the aria itself the grand description of the situation reaches its climax in the thrilling cries of the sufferer.

*Translated and abridged from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (Leipzig).

An Andante from an Orchestral *Suite* by G. Hubert of Brussels, which ended the first part, showed talent for the judicious and characteristic use of the instrumental means; so that the author deserves encouragement to further deeper studies, that he may acquire a corresponding mastery of form and presentation.

The second part opened with a Hymn for male voices (soli, chorus and orchestra) by W. Stade, which in respect of noble keeping, artistic feeling and sure control of technical means, made on the whole a very favorable impression.

In the rendering of one of Marcello's Psalms, with cello *obbligato*, Frl. Clara Martini made no small sacrifice, since she was seriously indisposed; nor did the piece itself afford a brilliant opportunity to the singer. But the excellent qualities of this distinguished singer, especially her noble, soulful, discreet management of her beautiful organ, still told to good advantage.

Richard Wagner's "*Liebesfest der Apostel*" (The Last Supper) formed a mighty keystone to this whole series of five grand performances. The merits of this work have been set forth at length in former years of the *Neue Zeitschrift*; we have only now to say, therefore, that, owing to the extraordinarily successful execution, the impression on the again overcrowded audience was truly grand and often overpowering. Some of the earlier performances of the famous *Pauliner* choir were perhaps open to the charge of want of finish or sufficient clearness here and there; this time, on the contrary, the highly complicated and ingenious architectural structure of this work, particularly in the great middle movement for three choirs, came out with such transparent clearness, in such plastic relief, that the prejudices against the work, on the part of many who had never clearly understood it, were completely routed and left the field to joyful appreciation. Even a passage or two felt to be tedious in the song of the Apostles only served this time to heighten the effect of the gigantic climax which then gradually unfolds itself with the coming in of the orchestra.

[The writer winds up his report of the day with the wish that the *Pauliner-Verein* may soon repeat both the Wagner and the Liszt work in Leipzig, and with a compliment to Herr Tod for his Organ accompaniment.]

On Thursday, the 23d, there was an extra performance, namely a second *Matinée* of Chamber Music, to allow a hearing of some compositions postponed on account of the length of the preceding concerts and the excessive heat. Hermann's Octet, which hardly had a fair chance in the first *Matinée*, was repeated. The *Suite* in E major for piano and violin by C. Goldmark, of Vienna, made a very favorable impression by its thoroughly genial design, at the same time satisfying the demands of the present. The engaging first movement, carried out in thorough sonata style, is followed by a noble Andante, only weakened by one or two thin places, and this again by a sprightly, pleasing Scherzo. A rather short elegiac movement forms an advantageous contrast with the last; while the Finale of the whole unrolls with less depth, and for the most part in a homophonous, but yet a fresh and lively manner. The whole work offered brilliant opportunity to virtuoso powers, and was executed by Herren Grün of Pesth and Brüll of Vienna with such perfection and contagious fire, that every movement was received with lively applause, and the work was on the next day performed again at the palace at the Duke's particular desire. The brothers Thern also contributed two performances, which were very thankfully received; and the court opera singer Wallenreiter, who had already won applause, sang a good song by Lassen, besides the "*Widmung*" and "*Ich grolle nicht*" of Schumann, with such acceptance that he was obliged to repeat them.

So ended this interesting series of seven concerts; namely four of sacred music, one of choral works with orchestra, and two of chamber music.

HERMANN ZOPFF.

"Old Lauriger."

The most charming of college songs, both for tune and words, is the familiar "Lauriger Horatius." Mr. James A. Morgan, of New York, writes to the *College Courier* of Yale an interesting letter about it, of which the following is the substance:

"Can any one of your correspondents tell me who was the author of that most widely known and admired of our college songs, 'Lauriger Horatius'? Also of the origin of the tune, which our southern brethren appropriated during the war, to their 'My Maryland'?"

"Whoever wrote it, had drunk in the true rollic of the Mantuan; for Placens himself never wrote sixteen lines that breathed more unmistakably his own abandon, than this little bumper of *bonhomie*, as sparkling and inspired as a glass of Sully's best. * * * I have been told that in the terrible Wilderness an officer heard a little group of grimmed and blackened men, in a rifle pit, singing 'Lauriger Horatius.' Near them were lying two of their wounded comrades, waiting for the surgeons who were long coming, in those sad days when brave men lay bleeding in every thicket. And these two wounded men—one of them, as it proved, past all human surgery—were stoutly echoing the chorus they had so often shouted in merry rout and college frolic, when, poor fellows! they hardly dreamed their time, 'swifter than the tempest's breath,' was upon them. And I can well fancy that, like as in that group under the Redan,

"Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder,"

as the brave hearts dwelt on the long ago.

"The following translation was written, I believe, by an army officer, in his camp, during the late rebellion:

"LAURIGER HORATIUS.

I.

"Poet of the Laurel wreath,
Horace, true thy saying;
Faster than the tempest's breath
Is Time, for nought delaying.

"Bring the cup that crowns with bliss,
Goblets, rosy laden;
Ah! the frown, the smile, the kiss
Of a blushing maiden.

II.

"Sweetly blooms the maid, the grape
Gracefully upwineth;
But the poet, thirsty, sad,
Mournfully declineth.
"Bring the cup, &c.

III.

"Glory is a hollow toy,
Fame doth yield but sorrow;
Wine and love alone give joy,
Heedless of to-morrow.
"Bring the cup, &c.

"Another better known version of the chorus is:

"Give me the cups that Bacchus crowns,
Cups on mirth attending;
Give me the blushing maiden's frown,
Frowns in kisses ending."

Mr. Morgan gives the following as a perfect copy of the song; of which the common versions show many various readings:

"LAURIGER HORATIUS.

I.

"Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum,
Fugit Euro citius
Tempus edax rerum.
Ubi sunt, O pocula
Dulciora melle,
Rixae, pax et cornu
Rubentis puellae.

II.

"Crescit uva mollitur
Et puella crescit;
Sed poeta turpiter,
Sitiens, canescit.
Ubi sunt &c.

III.

"Quid juvat aeternitas
Nominis? amaro
Nisi terrae filias
Licet, et potare.
Ubi sunt, &c."

Spohr and the Conductor's Baton.

"Amongst other things"—says Spohr, speaking in 1820—"it was my lot on one occasion to conduct a concert of the Philharmonic Society, where I had almost as much difficulty as at my solo performance. It was, at that time, the custom at the Philharmonic, when symphonies or overtures were performed, for the pianoforte player to have the score before him—not for the purpose of conducting from, but that he might look at it, and now and then play a little, which, when it was heard, made a very bad effect. The real Conductor of the concert was the leader of the violins, who gave the time of each movement, and now and then, if he found the orchestra, getting unsteady, beat a bar or two with his bow. But for an orchestra, at once so numerous and so much spread as that of the Philharmonic to go accurately together under such a method was impossible, and, therefore, in spite of the ability of the individual players, the general effect was much worse than we were accustomed to in Germany. I had made a resolution that if I ever had to direct a concert in London, I would make an attempt to remedy this condition of things. It was fortunate for me that the day I conducted, Ries* was at the piano, since he willingly consented to give up the score to me. I placed myself with it at a separate desk in front of the orchestra, and taking my baton from my pocket, gave the sign to begin rehearsal. Some of the directors who were present were quite frightened at this innovation, and protested against it; but I quieted them, and at last was allowed to proceed with my experiment. The symphonies and overtures which we had to rehearse were well known to me; indeed, I had often conducted them at home. I was, therefore, able to give the *tempi* without hesitation, and to signal to the wind instruments when to come in, which gave them a confidence they had not before possessed. When the performance did not please me, I made bold to say so as courteously as I could, though also quite in earnest; all which Ries at my request translated to the band.

"Being thus roused to unusual attention, and having the bars beat visibly before their eyes, they played with a fire and accuracy which no one had ever before heard. So much did this encourage them, that at the end of the first movement of the symphony they loudly expressed their satisfaction at the new method, and thereby put a stop to all further opposition on the part of the directors. In the vocal music, also, which I conducted, at Ries's request, especially in the recitatives, the baton proved no less efficacious, since I explained beforehand the manner of my beat, and I received many thanks from the singers for the exactness with which they were accompanied.

"So much for the rehearsal. In the evening the success was even greater than I had dared to hope. True, the audience stood up at first and shook their heads at the innovation, but when the music began, and the orchestra played the well-known symphony with unaccustomed force and precision, the general satisfaction expressed itself by lengthened applause at the end of the first movement. The victory of the baton was won, and from that time forward no one ever sat at the piano during a symphony or an overture.

"On this same evening the concert-overture which I had written before leaving Frankfurt, was played for the first time. As it was very much liked, the Philharmonic Society chose it as the composition, which, according to my contract, I had to furnish them."

Spohr travelled a great deal with his wife, Dorette, who played the harp, and was, indeed, the most remarkable harp-player of her day. They took life in comfortable German fashion, and occasionally fell in with an odd adventure or a laughable character. Here is Spohr's account of one of the latter. It was not very long after Napoleon's fall and the return of the Bourbons—which is necessary to explain one or two of the allusions:

"At Brussels we found another pair of travellers who, like ourselves, played the harp and the violin—Mons. Alexander Boucher of Paris, and his wife. I had heard a great deal about him, and was very desirous to make his personal acquaintance. Boucher had the reputation of being at once an extraordinary player and a great charlatan. He was very much like the Emperor Napoleon, both in face and figure, a resemblance which he did everything in his power to turn to account. He had practised the Emperor's way of wearing his hat and taking snuff till he had them quite to perfection. When he was on one of his artistic tours and came to a town where he was not known, he used to present himself in Imperial

fashion on the public promenade or in the theatre, to make people look at him and get himself talked about; in fact, he went so far as to spread a report that he was persecuted by the authorities and driven out of the country on account of his likeness to Napoleon, and because he kept their beloved Emperor before the eyes of the people. At any rate, I was told that in Lille he announced his last concert in these words:—"An unfortunate likeness forces me to expatriate myself. I shall, therefore, before quitting my beloved country, give one farewell concert." The same announcement contains the following precious piece of clap-trap:—"I shall play the famous concerto of Viotti in E minor, for my performance of which I am called in Paris 'The Alexander of the Violin.'"

"I was on the point of calling on Mons. Boucher, when he anticipated me by himself arriving. He besought me with great civility to assist in the arrangement of my concerto, and making allowance for his conceit, behaved himself in a very pleasant way. He introduced us to several musical families, who invited us to their parties, by which we had the opportunity of hearing the Bouchers. They both displayed a great deal of execution, but their music was, without exception, poor, wretched stuff—possibly of Boucher's own composition, though this I cannot recollect. At the beginning he played a quartet of Haydn, but introduced into it such a quantity of inappropriate and tasteless ornamentation as to destroy all my pleasure.

"It was curious to see how he allowed his wife to wait upon him. When he sat down at the violin desk, she asked him for the key of the fiddle case, unlocked it, brought him the fiddle, then went back for the bow, rubbed it with the rosin, put out the music on the desk, and, last of all, sat down by him to turn over. On the other hand, when we were asked to play, the process was exactly the reverse: for I not only fetched my own instrument, but also got my wife's harp out of the box, brought it to the place where the music was to be, and tuned it—all which, in the other case, was done by Mme. Boucher. The reason why I tuned the harp was not only to save my wife the trouble, but also that I might put it into perfectly pure temperament, which every one knows is not so easy. We played one of our brilliant duets and got great applause. Boucher seemed particularly delighted with my playing, in which, I believe, he was sincere; for, in a letter of introduction which he gave me to the Baron d'Assignies, of Lille, and which the Baron afterwards showed me as a curiosity, he spoke of my playing as follows:—"In fact, if I am as they say, the Napoleon of the violin, Mr. Spohr is quite its Moreau."

From Brussels the Spohrs went to Lille, where their success was no less gratifying.

"After my concert I went at once to Herr Vogel, who had been mentioned to me as the best violin player in Lille, and the conductor of the Dilettante Concerts. He was not at home when I called, but Mme. Vogel received me very kindly. As soon as I mentioned my name her face lighted up, and she asked eagerly if I was the composer of the *Nonetto*—humming one of the subjects. I laughed, and said I was, on which she fell on my neck, in thorough French style, and cried out, 'How delighted my husband will be, for he's quite mad about your *Nonetto*!' I had hardly got back to the hotel, when Vogel himself appeared with beaming countenance, and welcomed me as an old friend. In the house of these amiable people we passed many a happy hour; we also gave a concert in the hall of the Dilettante Society, which Vogel arranged for us, and where, after the *Nonetto* was encoired, its composer had to play before the whole of the members. The applause, at our united performances, was so tremendous, that we had there and then to fix the day for a second concert. Some musical people from the neighboring town of Douay, who had come over for the concert, invited us there in the name of the musical society of Douay, and guaranteed us a sale of 400 tickets at 5 francs each. . . . We played almost every day at some private party or other, which gave me an excellent opportunity of performing all my quartets and quintets, as well as my composition for the harp, to a circle of enthusiastic amateurs. At these *soirées* one was sure to hear some good thing or other about Boucher. On one occasion, he was playing a quartet, and something seemed to him to go wrong; on which he suddenly stopped, and, without taking the least notice of the other players, began repeating the passage over and over, saying to himself, 'That was not right; now then, Boucher, once more!' The conclusion of his second concert was also extremely funny. The last piece in the programme was a *rondo* of his own composition, played by himself, at the end of which there was an extempore cadence. At the rehearsal, he begged the amateurs to come in *forte* with the *Tutti* after the shakes

in the cadence, when he should give the signal by stamping with his foot. The concert, however, was long, and it was very late before the *rondo* came on, so that the amateurs were, probably, in want of their suppers. Boucher put forth all his strength in the cadence, and as it seemed as if it were never going to end, some of the players put their instruments into the cases and left the room. This was irresistible, and in a few minutes there was not a man left in the orchestra. Boucher was too much occupied to notice what was going on, so at the beginning of the shakes he lifted his foot to give the promised stamp. When he came to the end of them, and his foot descended, he was, of course, in certain expectation of the *forte* of the band and of the applause of the audience. Imagine his astonishment when he heard nothing but the noise of his own footfall. He looked wildly round and saw the deserted desks. But the audience, who had been all along watching for this moment, broke into peals of laughter, in which, whether he liked it or not, Boucher had no alternative but to join."

Heinrich Schuetz.

This eminent musician was born in the year 1585, at Kostritz, a village on the river Elster in Voightland. His grandfather was a privy councillor, and his father a burgomaster of Weissenfels. In 1599 he was introduced to the Count Palatine Moritz at his court of Hesse-Cassel, and was by the direction of that prince instructed in languages and the arts. Having perfected himself in the rudiments of literature, he was admitted into the university of Marburg, to study the law. In this he made great proficiency; but his patron, finding that he had an invincible propensity to music, generously offered to take him from the university, and at his own expense to place him under the tuition of Johannes Gabrieli, at that time a celebrated musician at Venice. Schütz accordingly went to Venice, and continued there until the death of his master in 1612. He then returned to Hesse-Cassel, when the Count Palatine settled on him an annual pension of two hundred guilders. In 1628, having a desire to revisit Italy, he obtained permission for that purpose; and during his abode in Venice, or the year following, he published a collection of motets. He then went to reside at Copenhagen, and in 1642 was made director of the music to the King of Denmark, in which city he died in 1672. He composed and published many noble works, chiefly consisting of sacred music for voices. He introduced, in many of them, the new forms of song, viz., the recitative and air, duet and trio, as well as an independent, if not continuous, instrumental accompaniment. He also attempted the Oratorio style, thereby laying the foundation of that branch of art in Germany. These pieces deserve notice, and are as follows: "The History of our Lord's Resurrection;" "The seven words of our Saviour," "St. Paul," and "The Passion according to the Four Evangelists." This latter he considered his *chef d'œuvre*. Schütz's only secular piece was his opera "Daphne," the first in Germany, performed in 1627 on the occasion of a princely wedding at Torgau. It was composed to Opitz's translation of Rinuccini's poem. Thus we find in Schütz an artist of great and varied powers, who, though almost forgotten at the present day, was by his contemporaries not inaptly called the "Father of German Music."—*London Choir.*

The Autograph of Handel's "Messiah."

We take the following from an article, by Mr. Joseph Bennett, in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*:

"This *Messiah* score is an oppressively suggestive volume; giving rise to thoughts burdensome from their number and interest, and tantalizing from the difficulty of selecting which first to entertain. Choosing at random, one may begin by speculating as to where and under what circumstances, Handel got through the work of writing its two hundred and seventy pages in twenty-three days. On these points, unhappily, history says but little. Still more unhappily, no gossiping diarist like Pepys, or admiring friend like Boswell, atones for the official chronicler's neglect. Hence the question has become a bone of contention, and biographers have worried each other over it with the usual unsatisfactory result. I am not going to discuss the claims of 'Mr. Jennings's house at Gopsal' as against those of the metropolis, because, without additional evidence, no amount of discussion could settle the matter. Let me confess, however, to a fondness for believing that the *Messiah* was written in the quiet Leicester-hire mansion. One likes to think of Handel, after the cruel struggles and bitter disappointments of his London life,

* "The dear old Ferdinand himself, Beethoven's *lieber guter Rics*, who had been settled in London since 1813, and knew a thing or two in a small way."

spending the golden days of autumn amid the peace and repose of the country; working uninterruptedly at his great task the while with all the enthusiasm so happy a change would excite. Under such circumstances, one can half understand the sustained mental and physical elevation which alone rendered his twenty-three days' labor possible. To imagine that, broken in spirit, and worn in body and mind, he wrote the *Messiah* in his London lodging, amid the interruptions and distractions of town, is to accredit him with superhuman power. I prefer to see, in the MS. before me—proof to the contrary being wanting—the result of Handel's *villeggiatura* in that memorable autumn of 1741.

"But wherever the manuscript was written, its subsequent history is plain enough. On his deathbed, Handel seems to have had a strong presentiment of future renown, and, under its influence, he determined upon leaving all his manuscripts in charge of the University of Oxford. They had, however, been promised to his favorite pupil Smith, who refused £3,000 rather than release the dying composer from his bond. Into Smith's hands they accordingly passed; and next into those of George III., thus becoming an heirloom—not the least precious—of the English Crown. If all accounts be true, the lodging of the collection in Buckingham Palace is as unsafe to the MSS. as it is discreditable to those in whose charge they are placed. Ten years ago an enthusiastic biographer, M. Victor Schœlcher, thus wrote:—'Buried in a sort of private office, and still kept in its poor original binding, it (the collection) is concealed from all the world; and I may say that, if I were the Queen, I should have those precious volumes bound in crimson velvet, mounted with gold, and I should have a beautiful cabinet to hold them, which should be surmounted by Roubilliac's fine bust, and supported by four statues of white marble, representing Sacred and Profane music, Moral Courage and Honesty. This I should place in the throne-room of my palace, proclaiming by this means to every one that it is one of the most invaluable jewels of the English Crown.' M. Schœlcher's dream has not yet been even distantly realized. The 'sort of private office' was described the other day, as being over a stable, unguarded, and with its inestimable contents liable to a thousand mischances. Is it too much to hope that her Majesty the Queen, who graciously permitted the Sacred Harmonic Society to photo-lithograph the *Messiah*, will yet more graciously place Handel's eighty-seven volumes in the safe custody of our National Museum?

"It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves 'on receipt of our own handwriting,' but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This *Messiah* score is a case in point. One does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages; while the impressions conveyed agree in every instance with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly, and with as near an approach to neatness as he is capable of making. At another, he seems to have a rush of ideas with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed, and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another, it is plain that he labors hard, grows fiercely impatient of errors, and dashes huge ink-strokes through them, or else smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable, self-contained musician could have produced the *Messiah* manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. No less evidently was its author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impossible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory neckcloth, or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blots and smears that one is driven to suppose that the master, in moments of abstraction, scattered ink about. Moreover, the work is as innocent of pen-knife marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed and recrossed, or swallowed up in blackness according to the humor of the moment. Something, too, of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads so huge and tails so flaunting. The *Messiah* score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendor of his genius.

"Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more that cannot be dwelt upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the *Messiah* as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care; touching and re-touching so long as anything seemed deficient. By help of the *fac-simile* before us, every change thus made can now be noted; we are admitted into the sanctum of the mighty magician, and can learn the processes by which his results were produced. But no sooner is the volume opened than we are astounded at the little alteration Handel thought it necessary to make. Bearing in mind the unexampled rapidity with which the work was thrown off, and the fact that Handel had a habit of writing without pre-arranged ideas, the completeness of his original draft would be incredible but for the testimony of the MS. Nor is our astonishment lessened by the knowledge that Handel, as was his custom, used over again some of his old material. After making full allowance on this head, the work still remains a memorable example of perfection from the birth, and more than anything else deserves to be called the Pallas of music."

The remainder of the article is devoted to showing, by help of illustrations in music type, how far the *Messiah* of Handel's first thoughts differed from the *Messiah* of his second.

Musical Doings in Holland.

The thirty-ninth general meeting of the "Maatschappij tot Bevordering der Toonkunst," or "Association for the Promotion of the Musical Art," was lately held at Amsterdam. Reference has already been made in our columns to this society, and the reader may, perhaps, be interested by the following short sketch, given at the meeting, of its doings during the past year.

The Association consists, at the present time, of thirteen Branch Associations, with a total of 2,082 active members, of whom 115 are musicians of reputation. It has consequently increased by about 160 members in the year. Out of the so-called "Artists' Fund," which has now reached the not inconsiderable sum of 31,000 gilders, twelve pensions were paid during the past year, and about 1,200 gilders have been set apart for the same purpose during the present year. The library of the Association consists of some 2,000 musical compositions and works on music, which are at the service of the Branch Associations, for the purposes of study and performance. It contains, with a sufficient number of vocal and orchestral parts for grand performances, 34 oratorios, 14 masses and requiems; 67 great, and 59 smaller, sacred vocal works; 34 operas; 40 symphonies; and 91 overtures. The above comprise, of course, the most important productions of old and living masters. The entire contents of the library are carefully registered in catalogues, of which a number are distributed among the members of each Branch Association at a low price. The accounts published at the last meeting proved the exceedingly prosperous financial condition of the Association. Besides the "Artists' Fund" already mentioned, the "Reserve Fund" possesses a capital of 56,000 gilders, while there is, thirdly, the "Musical Festival Fund," with 28,900 gilders, representing altogether a total capital of 115,900 gilders. This very satisfactory state of things enabled the committee, during the past year, to vote about 1,000 gilders for additions to the library, and about 1,400 gilders towards defraying the expenses of the Musical Festival held at Arnheim in 1867.—How classical a course is followed by the Association is again evidenced by the grand performances of the past year. Among the works produced we find compositions by Bargiel, Beethoven, Max Bruch (2), Niels Gade (4), Grimm (2), Handel (3), Haydn (3), Heinze, Hol (2), Mendelssohn (5), Mozart (3), Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, and Weber. One fact highly honorable to the Association is that when it performs works by living composers, it forwards, unsolicited, what it deems a proper sum, or, as it is called, discerns them an honorary prize. Seven composers were remunerated in this way during the past year. Would that the Associations in other countries took this course as a model, and thus contributed their share towards enabling the creative composer to command a material independence resembling, at least in a slight degree, that which only the virtuoso can at present achieve. During the meeting, the prizes were awarded for the various subjects proposed at the previous general meeting. Among them was a prize for a catalogue of the eminent musicians and writers on music, from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century, who were born in the present kingdom of the Netherlands, or who lived there, together with an account

of all that is known respecting their lives and works. A paper, written by a German, and bearing the motto, "Ars longa, vita brevis," was sent in on this subject, and a sum of 200 gilders was awarded to the author, though he was not considered to have treated his subject as satisfactorily as he might have treated it. Furthermore, the meeting placed at the disposal of the committee 800 gilders to be employed, during the coming year, in promoting: 1, Choral song; 2, Folks song, and especially school-song; 3, The education of young artists; and 4, In awarding honorary prizes to living composers. When we add that the "Maatschappij tot Bevordering der Toonkunst" entertains the notion of erecting in Amsterdam, the permanent quarters of the committee of the Association, which extends throughout the entire country, a grand building of their own, for the general meeting and musical festivals, we think we shall satisfactorily show that the Association has again given signs of healthy vitality. In the interest of art, and intellectual culture, we trust this admirable institution may continue vigorously to flourish.—*Mus. World.*

Musical Correspondence.

GLoucester, ENGLAND, SEPT. 11.—Before giving an account of the "Gloucester Musical Festival" which ended to-day, I will furnish your readers with a brief sketch of its origin and object, and to this end I quote the following paragraph from the Committee's programme of general arrangements:

"These Music Meetings were originally established to raise Funds for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Poorer Clergy within the Dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford; aided by the Diocesan Clerical Charities, the proceeds have, of late years, averaged to each Widow, Twenty Pounds, and to each Orphan, Fifteen. That such institutions stand in need of immediate encouragement is unhappily too manifest from the present number of Applicants,—more than Eighteen Orphans, and Fourteen Widows; while the necessity of future support is equally evident from the positive fact that there are within the three Dioceses, One Hundred and Forty-seven Benefices having an Income below £100 per annum.

It must not however be supposed that the funds in question are the direct result of the festivals, for the proceeds derived from the sale of tickets are rarely, if ever, sufficient to meet the expense incurred; but a sum sufficient to cover the direct outlay is guaranteed by certain gentlemen (now 106 in number) who are called "responsible Stewards," so that all donations, in response to the strong appeal which is made at the door of the Cathedral after each performance, go intact to the fund.

These festivals are held annually in rotation at the towns of Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester; and the proceedings of the present week (the 145th meeting of the three choirs) occupied four days: from Tuesday, September 8th, to Friday the 11th, inclusive.

The singers engaged for this occasion were as follows: Mlles. Tietjens, Liebhart and Miss Edith Wynne, soprano; Mme. Sainton-Dolby and Mlles. Sandrina and Drasdil, contraltos; Messrs. Sims Reeves and Vernon Rigby, tenors; with Messrs. Lewis Thomas and Santley, basses. The chorus, 250 strong, was made up of singers carefully selected from the best choirs in England, and was superintended by Mr. Sydney R. Smith. The orchestra, numbering 70, included some of the best performers in England, and no pains were spared to make the programme one of the best which could be offered.

The credit of making these arrangements belongs to Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, who was not only musical manager but also conductor of the performances, which were held, as heretofore, at the Cathedral in the morning, and at the Shire Hall in the evening.

The Festival began on Tuesday forenoon, with special Service in the Cathedral, and a sermon, in aid of the Charity, by the Rev. Canon Lysons, Rural Dean. The music on this occasion included Rogers' Service in D, and Bach's "Blessing and Glory." Among the Services for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, were Gibbons, (in F), Travers (in F) and a

Chant Service by S. S. Wesley, with anthems by J. S. Bach, Prof. Oakley and the Elder Wesley. The morning concert began at 1.30 P.M. with selections from the "Creation," comprising the most effective choruses and airs contained in that Oratorio. The solo parts were sung by Mlle. Tietjens, with Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley. Then came selections from S. Wesley's setting of the 111th Psalm ("Confitebor tibi") with the soli by Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Then Beethoven's Mass in C, (the first of the two written by him), with the same soloists; and finally Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm: "As the hart pants." As I was not in attendance until Wednesday I can give no further account of the proceedings on the first day of the Festival, except to say that the programme of the evening concert included Mendelssohn's Overture "The Hebrides" and the Finale from the first act of "Loreley."

Wednesday morning was devoted to the *Elijah*, an Oratorio ever dear to the hearts of Englishmen; and I venture to say that, since its first performance, at Birmingham in 1847, when it was directed by the composer himself, it has never been more successfully produced than on the present occasion. The part of the Prophet was, of course, allotted to the great baritone, Santley, and the other parts were sustained by Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Dolby, Miss Wynne, Mlle. Liebhart, Mr. Sims Reeves and Messrs. Rigby and Thomas. I have not space to particularize, and can only say that those parts that fell to Mr. Reeves were sung in a manner which probably could not be equalled by any other singer in the world, and that the air "O rest in the Lord," when rendered by Mme. Sainton-Dolby, became a revelation.

The tenor solos, in part first, were sustained by Mr. Vernon Rigby, a young singer of great promise and ability, who acquitted himself splendidly throughout the entire Festival. The selections for the evening included Mendelssohn's "*Erste Walpurgis Nacht*," Spohr's *Nonetto* in F for string and wind instruments, Beethoven's C-minor Symphony, and a number of songs by Beethoven, Spohr, Sullivan, Abt, and others.

Mendelssohn seems to have, originally, composed the music to Goethe's ballad of the "First Walpurgis night" in February, 1831, while at Rome; but was probably dissatisfied with his effort at that time,—at any rate we hear no more of it until 1842, when it was re-written at Leipzig, and finally published in 1843. The overture, depicting the gradual transition from Winter to Spring, is followed by a tenor solo and chorus of women's voices,—

"Now May again
Break's winter's chain,"

after which the scene changes to the Hartz mountains and the awful rites of the Druids.

Spohr's *Nonetto*,—played so often in London—was capitally performed, although, owing to the length of the programme, the repeats in the first and last movements were omitted. The C-minor Symphony suffered from being placed at the end of the list, and neither the performers nor the few hearers who remained in the Hall were in the humor to enjoy it. [We should think it would have been a great relief after so much Spohr!—ED.]

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is rapidly, and deservedly, acquiring a very high reputation as a composer of ballads. He seems to have caught the true secret of his art, which is to suggest much that lies beyond what he would describe; and his songs therefore, though full of tenderness and passion, are never "sentimental." Moreover, he never forgets that, in this instance, music only helps to expound, with deeper meaning, the thought embodied in the poem. The two ballads given on this occasion were "Oh, sweet and fair" (Mme. Sainton-Dolby), and a new song, "So 'tis, O my love, my love!" (Mr. Sims Reeves), the composer accompanying at the piano in both in-

stances. The second is by far the better of the two songs, and Mr. Reeves, in spite of his well-known antipathy to encores, was obliged to repeat it. The words are Jean Ingelow's.

The performance of Thursday was unprecedented in length, and six consecutive hours of Oratorio were rendered the more tedious by the fact that the list was made up chiefly of excerpts and disconnected passages, from various composers, having nothing whatever in common; and it is only necessary to say that the evening concert occupied more than three hours, to enable you to admire the unflinching heroism of the musicians, which was equalled only by the Spartan endurance of those hearers who remained until the last note was sounded. The programme began with a selection of pieces from Spohr's Oratorio "*Des Heilands letzte Stunden*" (or "Calvary") opening with the overture in C minor (as unlike Spohr as anything which can well be imagined), followed by that beautiful and restful chorus, "Gentle night, O descend!" The other pieces were the trio "Jesus heavenly Master," sung by Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Drasdil and Mme. Sainton-Dolby, (the violins in the accompaniment being played with muted strings); the air with chorus, "Though all thy friends prove faithless," (solo by Mlle. Tietjens), and last of all the Chorus, "Beloved Lord, thine eyes we close."

Then came a very long selection from Herr Joseph Rudolph Schachner's Oratorio, "Israel's return from Babylon," comprising a number of Choruses, Airs, Quartets and Duets. Herr Schachner in person wielded the baton. Oratorio at the best is perhaps not the most interesting of all forms of composition, and when it becomes a mere repetition of hackneyed themes and threadbare motives, the effect is far from gratifying. I hope therefore that I do not act of injustice to Herr Schachner when I say that it would have been far better had his work been omitted from the list. In striking contrast to this came the wonderful "*Lobgesang*" of Mendelssohn, which one never hears without a regret that the composer did not live to accomplish the two other works of this kind which he had in mind.

This great *Sinfonia Cantata*, which was given without mutilation, gained additional beauty from the splendid manner in which it was performed. The Symphony at the beginning was played with the greatest vigor and spirit, while, in the vocal parts, each singer seemed to desire that not the least shade of the composer's thought should be neglected or forgotten. The soloists were Mlle. Liebhart and Mr. Sims Reeves, whose reading of that well-known passage, "We called through the darkness: 'Watchman, will the night soon pass?' " was unapproachable.

The Overture to Handel's "Samson" followed by a selection of no less than 39 pieces from that Oratorio came last, and received full justice with Mr. Sims Reeves as "Samson," Mr. Santley as Manoah, and Mr. Lewis Thomas as Harapha, while Mme. Sainton-Dolby and Mme. Tietjens respectively took the parts of Micah and "an Israelitish woman."

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day the audience at the evening concert was very large, and they were rewarded for their zeal by an excellent programme which I give in full.

Reformation Symphony.....Mendelssohn.
Selection from the Opera "Don Giovanni".....Mozart.
Recit and Duo....."Ma qual s'offre."
Mlle. Tietjens and Mr. V. Rigby.
Aria....."Dalla sua pace."
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Recit. and Aria....."In quali eccessi, o numi!"
Mlle. Tietjens.
Aria....."Madamina."
Mr. Santley.
Aria....."Fedra carino."
Mlle. Liebhart.
Duetto....."La ci darem."
Miss E. Wynne and Mr. Santley.
Aria....."Il mio tesoro."
Mr. Vernon Rigby.
Song....."Batti, Batti."
Miss E. Wynne. (Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Collins.
Recit....."Crudele."
Aria....."Non mi dir."
Mlle. Tietjens.

Sestetto....."Sola, sola."
Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Liebhart, Miss Wynne, Mr. Santley, Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. V. Rigby.
Quartetto.....Maurer.
Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Carrodus, and Hill.
Songs....."To the absent one."
Mendelssohn.
Mr. Sims Reeves.
Songs....."Strangers yet."
Claribel.
"The love test."
Mme. Sainton-Dolby.
Song....."I wish to tune my quivering lyre."
Sullivan.
Mr. Santley.
English Ballad, "Why are you wandering here, I pray?"
Nathan.
Mlle. Liebhart.
Quartetto.....Verdi.
Mlle. Liebhart, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. V. Rigby and Mr. Santley.
Song, "I murmur not"
Benedict.
Mlle. Drasdil.
Song and Chorus, "Haste thee, Nymph"
Handel.
Mr. Lewis Thomas.
National Anthem

The D-minor, or "Reformation" Symphony apparently originated in Mendelssohn's intention to set the Choral "*Ein feste Burg*," for a choir and orchestra (In the same year, 1830, he composed music for "*Wir glauben all an Einen Gott*" and for other of Luther's Hymns,) and, when it finally took the form of a Symphony, the fine and keen sense of self-appreciation which he possessed in an unusual degree, doubtless enabled him to discern some reason for withholding it from publication. At present, however, it bids fair to rival his A-major and A-minor Symphonies, in their claims to public favor. In regard to its performance, I have heard it played quite as well in America as upon this occasion.

The Maurer Quartet for violins was executed with consummate skill, but it was sad to hear such marvellous playing wasted upon a piece so utterly rapid and worthless. The most interesting feature in the second part of the programme was the song by Mr. Sullivan, "I wish to tune my quivering lyre," (from Byron's translation of Anacreon), sung by Mr. Sims Reeves with accompaniment of full orchestra, conducted by the composer. This spirited composition, as well as every other work of Mr. Sullivan's, is a most valuable addition to the repertory of the concert-room.

There was no concert on Friday evening, and the Oratorio of the "Messiah" at the Cathedral in the morning brought the Festival to a close.

The weather during the entire week was fine and the attendance good, although the donations to the charity (£746-11-11) were not as large as on previous occasions. Dr. Wesley may be highly complimented upon the success of the musical proceedings during the four days.

I had almost forgotten to say that the organ contained the newly patented electrical appliance for maintaining the connection between the pipes and the key-board, which was at a considerable distance from the instrument. A. A. C.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 12.—The first droppings of the musical season here came in the shape of Offenbach's inspirations (from one region of supernatural or another), which were administered to us by Bateman's troupe, I believe—although I didn't go and don't remember positively. With all sympathy for the impresario, one cannot but be glad, for the sake of the musical significance involved, that the season did not pay.

Maretzek's double troupe, German and Italian, opened here last Monday evening, September 28, with *Trovatore*. The stars of this troupe are none of them in all respects great, yet the list embraces much talent. *Voilà!* Miss Agatha Stenor, mezzo-soprano; Cellini, contralto; Brignoli, tenor; Orlandini, baritone; Maccaferri, robust tenor; Ronconi, baritone; Mme. Rotter, soprano; Mme. Durand, soprano; W. Formes, basso; Hermann, basso; Habelman, tenor; etc. Miss Stenor has failed to impress us favorably as an actress or as an expressive singer; Maccaferri makes noise enough; Cellini has an uneven voice, but acts well; Hermann has made admirable hits as Mephisto in *Faust*, and as Rocco in *Fi-*

delio; so also Habelmann as *Faust*, and as Florestan in *Fidelio*.

On Tuesday night *Faust* was given in German, on Wednesday *Ernani*, and Thursday Beethoven's *Fidelio* in German,—this latter for the second time in Chicago, and what an era it was!

It was the writer's fortune to be accompanied by several musical gentlemen who had never before heard this opera, and it added new pleasure to the enjoyment to congratulate each other at the unfolding of the wonderful charms of the work. The cast was good, and the orchestra played excellently with Sig. Torriani as leader. Mr. Editor, you would have been delighted at the appreciation with which this work was received. The first principal concerted piece, "*Mir ist so wunderbar*" was encored with an enthusiasm I have never seen excelled here. In the later parts of the opera the music seemed to take such a hold upon the feelings of the audience as to restrain them from violent applause. And was not this also a good sign? The wonderfully beautiful orchestration surpassed by far all our previous ideas of operatic perfection. The German element of course had a large representation in the audience, which was large and fashionable. To-night, *Don Giovanni* is given. Saturday, *The Barber* (Italian) and *Martha* (German). Next week's announcements are not yet out. One thing is sure, Maretzek is giving us a really enjoyable operatic season, and we are giving him good houses.

We are promised Symphony concerts this season, and chamber concerts. Mr. C. H. Brittain, a young man from Boston, has lately come here to teach piano, and is likely to do well. He was a pupil of Dresel. And so we rest.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

NEW YORK, OCT. 5.—Irving Hall was filled with an attentive and appreciative audience on Saturday evening upon the occasion of the opening concert of the season. It was given by Mr. Sanderson (pianist), assisted by Miss Mathilda Toedt (violinist), Mrs. Kempton, and by Messrs. Hill, Davis and Colby.

Mr. Sanderson's pianism is of a kind readily appreciated by the general public, and his surprising dexterity of finger—which was especially displayed in octave passages—elicited the warmest demonstrations of applause; indeed his second solo was three times encored. In response to the first demand he dashed off a jaunty and frothy arrangement of a popular song called "Capt'g Jinks of the hoss-marines." This of course took immediately with a not too discriminating audience.

Miss Toedt, whose remarkable ability and talent we have frequently had occasion to mention, played two solos in a very admirable manner; her bowing seems to be stronger than it was last winter, and her tone is very clear and pure. She was recalled in each instance.

Mr. Davis, who made his debut before a New York audience, was favorably received, and obtained much applause. His voice is a strong, vigorous bass, especially good in the upper and lower tones, and less excellent in the intermediate ones.

Mr. Hill, Mrs. Kempton and Mr. Colby acquitted themselves creditably, and their efforts added to the interest of the entertainment.

The next musical events of interest will be Miss Kellogg's three concerts at our Academy of Music on the 19th, 21st and 23d of October, and Ole Bull's concert at Steinway on the 20th. The Philharmonic Society has not yet issued its prospectus, and I am therefore unable to inform you of its plans for the campaign. I hope that I can make my next communication more interesting.

Mr. W. H. SCHULTZE has made fit music to a patriotic "Grant Song" by EUGENE BATCHELDER. Both words and music have the right ring, and the Chief deserves it. Ditson & Co. publish it.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 10, 1868.

Concerts.

The virtuoso concert-givers skirmishing in front of the advancing lines of solid series of Symphony and Oratorio, came as announced and have passed on. Foremost, a brave figure at the head, field marshal of the skirmishers, was OLE BULL. Almost dripping from the salt sea (he arrived in New York only the evening before he played in Boston), the stalwart Norseman, Viking of the violin, gave three performances in the Music Hall.

The first was on Friday evening, Sept. 26. He looked as fresh and strait and vigorous as ever, his smile as cordial and good-boy-like, with which he acknowledged the warm greeting of a large audience for the season. The man and the music also were the same old story; just so he leaned his cheek and ear to his instrument; just so he shook that unthinned forelock over his eyes in the "rapt" passages; just so prolonged the agony of sentimental strains more than was necessary to satisfy the music; just so indulged in all the old quips and quirks and spasmodic flights which are supposed to mean *genius*, and which with him have acquired the fatality of life-long habits. He is a brilliant, fantastic virtuoso, an effect player, tickling the crowd; the time is long past when he might be hoped to become a classic artist. His compositions are ingenious contrivances for the exhibition of these virtuoso effects. But at the same time the rare excellencies of his playing still remain: that superb breadth and fullness of tone (alas, not always in good tune), that perfectly even and distinct *staccato*, that vigor and brilliancy of execution always, the rare purity and substantial tone of his high harmonics, and, best of all, his uncommon faculty of polyphonic playing, i. e., several parts at once, so that for a few bars sometimes you can imagine that you hear a string quartet or trio. The tone of the violin, however, and the personality of the man, ever most interesting, are enough for the delight of any common, not particularly musical audience.

He played that night a Concerto in A major, of his own, consisting of an *Allegro Maestoso*, an *Adagio Sentimentale* and a *Rondo Pastorale*. The Great Organ under the hands of Mr. EUGENE THAYER, with a piano (Mr. E. LANSING) did duty in the place of orchestra; some of the softer organ accompaniment making fine effects, while occasional full-organ blasts were out of all proportion big and loud. The composition was in Ole's style, freakish, dashing, sentimental, almost lackadaisical, by turns, showing his mastery of the violin to advantage. With like accompaniment he played his "Mother's Prayer," which always wins its encore; and, without organ, his bravura variations on a theme of Bellini.

Mr. Lansing, a neat and facile pianist, opened the first part with a *Norma* fantasia by Jaell; and Mr. Thayer the second part by Variations of the Russian Hymn. Miss S. W. BARTON might have made a better choice than "*Ah! mon fils*," which always seems torn out of its dramatic connection when sung coolly in a concert room but she has a pleasing voice and sings acceptably

Mr. G. F. HALL, with a round and telling baritone, sings more like an Italian than any Yankee we remember to have heard. An Italian Romanza, by Panzini, and an English ballad were his pieces, besides the Mozart duet: "*La ci darem*," with Miss Barton.

Ole Bull's second concert, Saturday Afternoon, was mainly for the children,—those of an older growth included, who may yet be children in music. No Concerto this time, but "Mother's Prayer" of course, and "Nightingale," "Tarentella," &c. Mr. Lansing played Gottschalk; Mr. Thayer Variations on "God save the King;" Miss Barton sang "*Lascia ch' io pianga*," &c., &c.

Ole Bull playing a classical work for once, a Violin Concerto (in D) by Mozart, as he did that Saturday evening, was a rare and curious thing to witness. Here and there passages came simply, feelingly and beautifully out; but for the most part it was strangely treated. Entering in the middle of the *Allegro*, for instance, we for some time thought he must be in the second (*Andante*) movement, so very slow the tempo that he took, and yet the structure of the piece was in the Sonata form of a first movement. Mozart never seemed to us so slow, so interminable. Then in the *Andante*, the player's sentimental tendency to drag out and prolong a *cantabile* phrase or passage, like the Italian opera singers, made you lose Mozart in the subjective individuality and habit of the player. His spasmodic accents, sudden starts and freaks in the Rondo finale were not less exceptional. Whether the piece be Mozart's, or another's, Ole Bull plays Ole Bull and nothing else. His "Carnival of Venice" was the same as ever, "only more so." What we most enjoyed that evening was the "Hungarian Fantasia," by Kohn. That had something in it wild and sad and simple, and the player seemed to enter truly into its spirit.—Miss Barton sang that evening a Cavatina from *Il Giuramento*, and "*La Separazione*" by Rossini; Mr. Hall, "*Largo al factotum*" and a Romanza (new), "*Non torno*," by Tito Mattei; Mr. Thayer trod out his elephantine variations on "Old Hundred" on the pedals.

Mr. B. J. LANG performed an interesting programme of Piano-forte Music at the Town Hall in Milton, on the afternoon of Saturday before last. Other engagements, we are sorry to say, prevented us from hearing it. It was made up as follows:

"Benediction de Dieu Dans la Solitude," (No. 3 of the "Harmonies poetiques et religieuses").....Liszt.
Rondo Capriccioso in E min. Op. 12.....Mendelssohn.
Etude in D flat maj. Cradle Song.....Heller.
Caprice in C maj.....Lang.
Caprice in A flat maj.....Lang.
Fantasia in A min.....Mendelssohn.
Fantasia in E min.....Mendelssohn.
Scherzo in B flat min. Op. 31.....Chopin.
Transcription of Themes from a Polonaise by Weber.....Liszt.

• SENORITA JOSEFINA FILOMENO. This young Chilian girl of fifteen, of whose remarkable talent both for the piano and the violin we have spoken before, gave concerts in Chickering Hall on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of last week. Here is the first programme:

Piano Solo. Grand Concerto. Op. 79. With accompaniment for Second Piano.....Weber.
Senorita Filomeno.
Soprano Aria. Prayer and Barcarolle, from "L'etoile du Nord".....Meyerbeer.
Mrs. H. M. Smith.
Violin Solo. Fantasia, from "La Muette di Portici".....Alard.
Senorita Filomeno.
Tenor Solo. "Fra Poco a me," from the opera of Lucia.
Mr. Jas. Whitney.
Duo. Soprano and Tenor. "Mira la Blanca Luna".....Rossini.
Mrs. H. M. Smith and Mr. Whitney.
Piano Solo. Sextet. "Lucia".....Liszt.

Ballad. "My Nannie's Awa".....Strachauer.
 Song. "My Heart is thy Home".....Abt.
 Violin Solo. "Air Varié".....Vieuxtemps.

The second programme was the best of the three, in the matter of the vocal selections. It was this:

Piano Solo. First Concerto.....Chopin.
 Contralto Solo. "Kolmas Klage".....Schubert.
 Violin Solo. First Concerto.....DeBeriot.
 Song. "Non s' ver".....Tito Mattel.
 Duo. From "La Favorita".....Donizetti.
 Piano Solo. Fantasia. Battle Cry of Freedom, Gottschalk.
 Contralto Solo.....Franz.
 a. Wand' ich in dem Wald des Abends.
 b. Im Rhein im heiligen Strome.
 Baritone Solo. "Non piu andrai".....Mozart.
 Violin Solo. Fantasia. William Tell.....Alard.

In the third concert, which contained little that is classical, the Senorita's piano pieces were Thalberg's Fantasia on the "Prayer from Moses," and one by Liszt upon *Ernani*. On the violin she played De Beriot's "*Scene du Ballet*," and a brilliant Fantasia by Alard, her teacher in Paris, on themes from *Robert le Diable*. Miss RYAN sang a Recitative and Cavatina by Rossini, Stigell's "Tear" (in German), and in a Duet, "*L'Addio*," by Donizetti, with Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, whose baritone solo pieces were from *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Don Juan*.

For a maiden of fifteen to play piano-forte works of such high significance as Chopin's E-minor Concerto (it was the first movement only) and Weber's *Concert-Stück*, with any fair degree of success as regards interpretation, as well as clear, firm, brilliant technique,—not to speak of such virtuoso pieces as Liszt's opera transcriptions, and Thalberg's, and a large list of that sort, argues of course more than common talent, and severe, patient practice. When the same maiden takes up also the most difficult of instruments, and one of quite another nature, the violin, and executes elaborate solos, with so much force and freedom, and with almost faultless truth of intonation, although the tone is sometimes rough and scratchy, sometimes dull,—and all from memory in the case of both instruments,—the wonder is increased more than two-fold. Is there *genius* behind it? that is a question which only time can answer. There must be, one would think, at least a musical nature, a passion and an aptitude for music; for she is intently in her occupation, and such amount of practice could hardly be entirely forced or merely mechanical. Yet all these young prodigy exhibitions are in the nature of the case unsatisfactory, since astonishment is only the poorest part of musical enjoyment, and all astonishments so soon wear out. We may wonder that a child can get so well through a great work of Chopin or Weber; but if our object be to hear and realize these works, we must look to the mature artist for the interpretation. Idle to seek here the finish, the fine shading, the depth of feeling, the unity of conception, the answering background of mental and spiritual experience in the interpreter, which such a work demands. But there is much here which, well directed, bids fair to make an artist of this girl.

As we have said before, her violin playing interests us the most. Not that she does not play the piano better; but that more individuality appears in the violin. Besides, this is the more interesting instrument, while the mastery of it costs more time and study. Would it not be wiser that, as a public player, her attention should be concentrated mainly on one instrument? And that the violin, because good piano playing has become so common, and offers less and less chance of distinction? On the other hand it must be admitted, that such double-sided, balanced culture as the two instruments afford, is something much to be desired. We would say, cultivate both, but make a business of one. We are sure the young lady will excite interest wherever she is heard, and we are glad to learn that her friends propose to make Boston the centre of her concert excursions during the winter.

At the same time we fear the influence of so much public concert playing at so early an age. Juvenile virtuosity is dangerous. It necessarily makes its appeal to the wrong sort of public; the applause of those who are more drawn to the extraordinary than to the ideal, is not improving, not in a high sense educating, does not inspire one to become an artist. In such continual self-exhibition a plant runs all to leaf. We wish the Filomeno better success than concert triumphs and too early fame, better than applauding crowds can give. Study, study is the thing, rather than exhibition of what already is acquired.

The vocal portions of the concerts were highly acceptable,—always so in the performance, and sometimes in the matter. Miss RYAN's selections of Franz and Schubert songs were especially commendable. Mrs. SMITH was in fine voice and showed great ease and purity of florid execution. Mr. WHITNEY sang tastefully and sweetly as ever, and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN's rich baritone seems to have recovered all its freshness in his European journey.

Jottings.

—Mrs. FLORA E. CARY, our excellent contralto, and one of the most truly musical, refined, sincere and earnest singers that has lived among us, announces her intention both to sing in oratorios and concerts, and to give instruction, during the winter. To pupils the influence of so real a musical character is decidedly worth seeking. To concert goers her announcement will be particularly good news. We understand she is to sing these coming weeks at musical conventions in Bangor and Worcester. If the Handel and Haydn Society should undertake so noble and arduous a task as Bach's *Passion Music*, it is easy to see how one of the difficult solo parts can be filled.

—Most of our musical artists and teachers who passed the summer abroad have returned. Mr. EICHBERG is already engaged in the direction of his "Boston Conservatory." Mr. LEONHARD receives his pupils again. WULF FRIES has had a delightful visit, brings good accounts of his brother AUGUST (in Bergen, Norway), and fresh health in his cheeks. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN resumes his vocal teaching, and is doubtless one of the best teachers that we have to look to.

—We heard an orchestral novelty of interest a few evenings since, at Selwyn's charming theatre, while waiting for the curtain to rise upon one of those admirably complete presentations of genteel comedy which one sees nowhere else but there,—at least in such perfection in all the characters and all details of *mise en scène*. It was an Overture "in the Italian style" by Franz Schubert; one of his lighter works of course, but genial and with much charm of instrumentation. Mr. Koppitz has indeed a model orchestra for a theatre, and, were all his selections as good as that, it would be worthy of all praise. Nearly all its members being good solo-players, nothing suffers in the execution.

—This reminds us that the orchestra at the Boston Theatre, under Mr. LOTHIAN, has been drawing to itself choice elements, and bids fair to prove a formidable rival to that of Selwyn's. The more good ones the better! A great gain is the admirable violinist, Mr. LISTERMANN, a pupil of Joachim, who made a mark here when he came from New York last winter and played in a single concert (Mme. Gazzaniga's). A superior bassoon too is among the new accessions. Both, we are happy to say, are engaged for the Symphony Concerts orchestra.

—In the last letters received from Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, we were informed that he would sail from Liverpool on the 27th inst., direct for Boston. But we have good reason to think it more than probable that he will return a few weeks earlier than that, and be here in season for the first rehearsals of

the Symphony Concerts. At any rate, he will be ready to resume his conductorship, and to receive his pupils by the 16th of November, if not sooner.

—In our next issue we shall be prepared to give a pretty full outline of the programmes of the Symphony Concerts, which will begin November 12. The sale of season tickets will be publicly announced by the middle of this month.

MUSICAL FESTIVALS. Mr. Zerrahn, we suppose, will bring us an account of the late Festival at Schwerin, Mecklenburg, his native land, which was fixed to take place on the 20th, 21st, and 22nd inst. At the first concert, Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was to be performed; and at the second, the overture to, and detached scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*; 7th Symphony, in A major, with "Kyrie," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Gloria," from the *Missa Solennis*, Beethoven. The programme of the third day was not definitely settled in time enough to give this week. Herr A. Schmitt was to be the conductor; among the soloists were Mme. Harriers-Wipern, Herren Joachim, Schild, Krause, and Hill.

FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The members of the St. Cecilia Association will give a grand festival performance in the month of October, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Association. J. S. Bach's Mass in B minor will be performed on the occasion.—A number of professional and non-professional admirers of Herr Carl Hill gave him a farewell dinner, previously to his leaving this city to enter on his engagement at the theatre, Schwerin.

"THE IRON AGE OF OPERA."—Upon Mr. Chorley's retirement from the *Athenæum* we were promised occasional contributions from his pen: a pledge redeemed in part by the appearance, in the last number of the *Athenæum*, of a communication from Baden-Baden under the familiar initials H. F. C.

"It should first be said," writes Mr. Chorley, "that not all the zeal of the direction of the opera, nor the cost expended on its production, nor the care brought to his task by Herr Eckert (an excellent conductor of theatrical music), could by any magic ensure a result such as could satisfy commonplace hearers, still less Herr Wagner's admirers—a crew as noisy as they are illogical. The composer, it may be recollected, has himself with magnificent modesty proclaimed in print that his operas should only be given as so many great treats, once a year or so, in privileged places, on high days and holidays; and his friends bear out this original dictum by assuring colder and less credulous lovers of music that they are in no case to appreciate Herr Wagner's later productions till they have studied the same at Munich. In spite of such oracular warnings, uninitiated listeners may fairly make the best of opportunities such as are afforded to the opera of such less sublime Germans as Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven; and thus, seeing that 'for better for worse' two of Herr Wagner's stage works are from time to time produced in sundry German theatres, and there sustained by vehement partisanship, a word or two from an outsider who has never been averse to experiment may not be altogether superfluous.

"To speak plainly, 'Lohengrin' pleased me less at Baden-Baden than it did when I witnessed its first production at Weimar under the auspices of Dr. Liszt's exaggerated enthusiasm. The defiance of all accepted rules and canons of beauty, the obsequious recourse to such expedients for producing clap-trap effect as the writer could command, his insolent disregard of everything like free will or impulse on the part of slaves bound to do their task-master's bidding, in place of intelligent interpreters and fellow-workers, the meagreness of original idea, now that they have ceased to be novelties, have lost their startling power, save for those who are habituated to disease and decadence, and who conceal the unhealthiness of their sympathies by controversial eagerness. I have never received such an impression of haggardness in place of beauty of contour, of bombast thrust forward to do duty for real dignity, as from 'Lohengrin' the other evening. It would be hard to say which was the most noticeable, the poverty of the thoughts, the crudity with which they are set forth, but sparingly relieved by certain ingenious orchestral touches, or the acquiescence of a public, including connoisseurs who have been used to boast their superior depth and far-sightedness in their judgment of music

by contempt of all Italian and French ware, and of English pretensions to enjoy and appreciate what is best in music.

"The orchestra assembled at Baden-Baden was fairly good, and went through its hard work steadily: the chorus, brought together from many places, was less satisfactory. The best had been done in the engagement of principal artists that could be done. Mlle. Mallinger from Munich, Herr Betz from Berlin, Herr Nachdauer (who replaced Herr Niemann), are all rated as in the first rank of German opera-singers; and such effect as was produced was owing to their good will and power of lungs. The heroine, too, had the dreamy, picturesque look which befits the part of *Elsa*, and was wonderfully dressed. The opera was accepted with as much delight as if 'paradise,' not 'chaos,' had come again.

"On hearing '*Lohengrin*' at Weimar I remember to have said to a great German musician, 'If this music becomes the law of the land, in twenty years' time there will not be a singer capable of singing Mozart's operas.' 'What matter?' was the cordial answer; 'they have been sung enough.' The truth of the prophecy was sadly established here by a performance of '*Don Juan*,' immediately following that of '*Lohengrin*.' I have rarely seen or heard anything so discreditably bad. Intonation, execution, intelligence, were all alike disgraceful. In particular must be signalized a hooting *Zerlina* from Vienna, because of the excess of her self-confidence, making it appear, as did Mlle. Lucca before her, that *Don Juan* was as much signed against as sinning—because of her elongated screams on every note marked for a pause—because of her utter disdain of execution. Yet this lady, who in Paris or in London would hardly have been allowed to finish her part, was encoined and greeted with a huge garland. The exhibition would have been ridiculous, had it not also been humiliating, to those whose reverence for what is sterling and refined in Art holds its own, be the ruin and revolution of the hour ever so complete. For the moment, it is sadly evident that we are in the iron age of national opera of Germany."

Mozart and the "Requiem."—Autographic Testimony to the Story.

All the world knows the story of Mozart and the mysterious stranger; how the unknown one engaged the composer to write him a requiem, paying in advance the whole, or a large portion of the covenanted price; how he appeared suddenly at intervals urging the completion of the work; how the engagement and the weird manner in which it was followed up preyed upon Mozart's fragile nerves and sensitive temperament; how he came to regard his requiem as his own funeral dirge; and how he died, under this impression, before the task was finished.

A letter copied by Mr. Young into the September number of *Putnam's*, from the collection of Mr. Old, furnishes convincing proof that there is no exaggeration in the tale. Mr. Young does not know to whom it was addressed, as the superscription and envelope are wanting. It is in Italian, beautifully written, in a fine, clear hand. Several years ago Mr. Old allowed a fac-simile of it to be made for the opening number of the *Autograph Souvenir*, a periodical started in London for the purpose of reproducing the most valuable and authentic autographs in private collections, but not carried on beyond a few numbers. Translated into English, these are the contents:

Most honored Sir,

I would follow your advice, but know not how. My head is troubled, and I can scarcely compose; yet I cannot rid my sight of the figure of this unknown person. I see him perpetually; he requests, solicits, importunes me for the work. I continue, because composing fatigues me less than repose. Besides, I have no longer anything to fear. I know by my own feelings that the hour approaches, and that I must shortly breathe my last. I have finished before I have enjoyed the fruits of my talent. Yet life has been so sweet, and my career opened before me under such fortunate auspices. But we cannot change our destiny. No one measures his own days; we must therefore be resigned. Whatever Providence ordains will be accomplished, and now I conclude; this is my funeral dirge, I ought not to leave it unfinished.

Vienna, 7bre 1791.

MOZART.

It is a good thing to have a high C in one's voice. The tenor Wachtel has just purchased a handsome villa near Wiesbaden for 50,000 florins. This gentleman is said to have been a cab-driver a few years ago.

The number of volumes of scores, ancient and modern, and miscellaneous musical compositions,

printed and MS., sent to the South Kensington Museum from the Musical Union Institute lately exceeds three hundred.

The Brunswick library has been enriched with a curious collection of programmes of all countries—some forty thousand in number. A large quantity refer to the last century, and a series belongs to the itinerant theatres of German and French fairs. The collector, a Major Häupler, has been occupied twenty years in making this gathering.

The programme of the Theatre Italien, just out, is as follows: *Prime donne*: Adelina Patti, primo soprano sfogato; Minnie Hauck, id.; de Murska, id.; Ricci, id.; Urban, prima mimma; Krauss, primo soprano, mezzo soprano; Grossi, primo contralto; Rosello, secondo contralto; Vestri, secondo soprano. *Tenori*: Franchini, primo tenore; Nicolini, id.; Tamberlik, id.; Palmeri, id.; Ualdi, secondo tenore; Arnoldi, id. *Baritoni*: Delle Sedie, primo baritone; Steller, id.; Verger, id.; Agnesi, primo baritone, basso cantante. *Bassi e Buffi*: Ciampi, Zimelli, Wallenreiter, Mercuriali, Fallar. *Direttori*: Skocz-dopole, 1° direttore d'orchestra; Portehaut, 2° direttore d'orchestra; Accursi, 3° direttore d'orchestra; Alary, direttore del canto; Hurand, direttore del cori.

In the libretto of Wagner's new opera of "*Rienzi*," which M. Padeloup is preparing for the Theatre Lyrique, there is a scene in which the factions of the Colonna and the Orsini cry on the one side and on the other "*Vive Colonna*" and "*Vive Orsini*." The censor trembled at the latter cry, and of course insisted on its excision. "The librettists," says the *Indépendance Belge*, "may get out of the difficulty by substituting '*Vive l'Empereur*' for '*Vive Orsini*.'" History perhaps might suffer somewhat, but the public piece will not be endangered.

The Ballad Society, which at first intended to begin its publications in 1869, finds its work so forward that it will now begin in 1868. In December, therefore, members may expect Part I. of the Civil War Ballads, from the King's Pamphlets, edited by Dr. Rimbault; and Part I. of the Roxburgh Ballads, edited by Mr. William Chappell; both with fac-similes of the original woodcuts, drawn by Mr. Rudolf Blind, and engraved by Mr. J. H. Rimbault.

The Theatre-Verdi was at Busseto (the composer's native place) was opened on the 13th with "*Rigoletto*." Verdi's bust was crowned and saluted with loud acclamation. An instrumental piece written at the age of 12 years was performed on the occasion; all the ladies wore green dresses, and all the gentlemen green cravats.

M. Flotow's new opera, "*Les Deux Compositeurs*," was announced to be brought out at Prague on the 15th ult.

Signor Verdi, it is said, intends to try his hand at comic music, by producing an opera on the story of "*Falstaff*."

M. Padeloup has engaged two conductors for the Theatre Lyrique—M. Maugin and M. Vandenhuevel—both having equal rank, and both officiating as *chefs d'orchestre* and *chefs du chant*.

As a companion to his "*Opera Reminiscences of Thirty Years*," Mr. Henry F. Chorley intends to collect, with large additions, his notes on concert-music in England during the last half-century.

The *Athenæum* says: "It appears from the *résumés* published in American papers of the programmes of various orchestral societies, that there is more activity and enterprise on the other side of the Atlantic than on this. The list of 'novelties' brought out by the New York Philharmonic Society during four winters comprises Bargiel's '*Medea*' and '*Prometheus*' overtures, Liszt's '*Mazeppa*,' Berlioz's Symphony '*Episode from an Artist's Life*,' introduction to Wagner's '*Tristan and Isolde*,' Liszt's '*Nächtlicher Zug*' from Lenau's '*Faust*,' Bristow's '*Columbus*' overture, Volkmann's Symphony in D minor, Berlioz's '*Romeo and Juliet*' Symphony, and Ritter's '*Othello*' overture. There may be great variety of opinion about the merit of many of these compositions, and several would, doubtless, never have a second hearing. But the New York Philharmonic Society has set us a good example in bringing much novelty to the test of public performance. In the New York Symphony Soirées almost, if not quite, as many little-known works have been produced, while the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association have been just as eclectic and generous. Only in the Crystal Palace can any parallel be found in England to such activity."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Armed cap-a-pie. (Bolo de Charles Martel). 2. C to c. "Genevieve." 30
Chanticleer at morning's dawn. (Couplets de la poule.) 2. Ab to g or b flat. "Genevieve." 30
With Genevieve the happy day. (C'est Genevieve.) Song and Cho. 2. A to f sharp. "Genevieve." 30
In this delicious shade. (Les baigneuses.) Song or duet. 3. E to g. "Genevieve." 30
Rondo of Matthew Lansberg. 2. G to e. "Genevieve." 30
Five additional airs from "Genevieve," containing a great deal of fun, and just as much pretty music. In the first, Charles Martel pompously displays his armor, of which one portion had been left by Julius Caesar at a pawn-broker's in Paris, and another had been used by Alexander the Great, in his wars in Flanders! In the second, Sifrold, excited by the wonderful elixir, attempts an imitation of Chanticleer's song. In the third, which belongs nearly at the end of the opera, Genevieve's friends welcome her at the close of her long imprisonment. In the fourth, a group of pretty ladies are gathered around a little lake in the palace garden, and exult in the beautiful surroundings. In the fifth, which is the first song in the opera, the great Matthew proclaims the wonderful powers of his elixir, which, taken in liquid form, makes one fatter, but if in powder, it makes one lean!
New loves! New loves! (Amours nouvelles.) 2. G to g. "Barbe Bleue." 30
Why should they gaze. (Pourquoi Qu' ils.) S'g and Cho. 3. G to f sharp. "Barbe Bleue." 40
Two additional airs from "Barbe Bleue." They are among the best.

- Mr love Nell. Comic Song. 2. G minor to f. Carleton. 30
Pat M'Cann. " 2. Eb to f. " 30
The Irish soger boy. 2. G to e. " 30
Dandy Pat. 2. A to f sharp. " 30
Very smart and wide awake Irish songs, in which Pat is as frisky as ever. Good melodies.

Instrumental.

- Polka. "Genevieve." 3. F and Bb. Knight. 30
Galop. " 2. C " F. " 30
Schottische. " 2. C " F. " 30
Polka Redowa. " 2. F " Eb. " 30
Lancer's Quadrille " 3. " 30
Selections and arrangements, including a number of very pretty and sparkling airs.
Long Branch Schottisch. 3. Ab. Wellman. 30
Bright. Introduces "On the Beach, &c." Strauss. 75
Telegram Waltz. 3. " 75
Herbstrosen " 3. " 75
Two brilliant "grand" waltzes, in Strauss's best style.
Greician Bend Waltz. 3. Ab. Henry. 30
More graceful than the "bend," by a long shot.
Amelia Waltz. Lumbye. 2. G. Simplified by Knight. 30
Belgravia Waltz. Godfrey. 2. C and F. " 30
Carnival Botschafter. Strauss. 2. F. " 30
Easy and excellent for learners.
Sons du coeur. (Sounds from the heart). 4. Bb. L. Teichfuss. 40
A very sweet heart-song.
National Guard Polka. 5. A. H. Sanderson. 40
Full of fire. Very powerful.
Christmas Waltz. 2. C. W. A. Cary. 30
Very pretty, and will be acceptable to Mr. C's numerous pupils.

Books.

- THE GOLDEN ROBIN. For Juvenile Classes, Schools and Seminaries. W. O. Perkins. 50
Contains: 1. Musical Notation; 2. Rounds and exercises adapted to physical action; 3. Songs for all occasions; 4. Sacred pieces.
This has a fine collection of fresh and attractive songs, and the girls and boys are all ready for it, for they begin to tire of the old books, and long for the next good new one.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

